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317
SIMPLE STORIES,

FOR

CHILDREN,

ADORNED WITH CUTS.

—
LONDON.

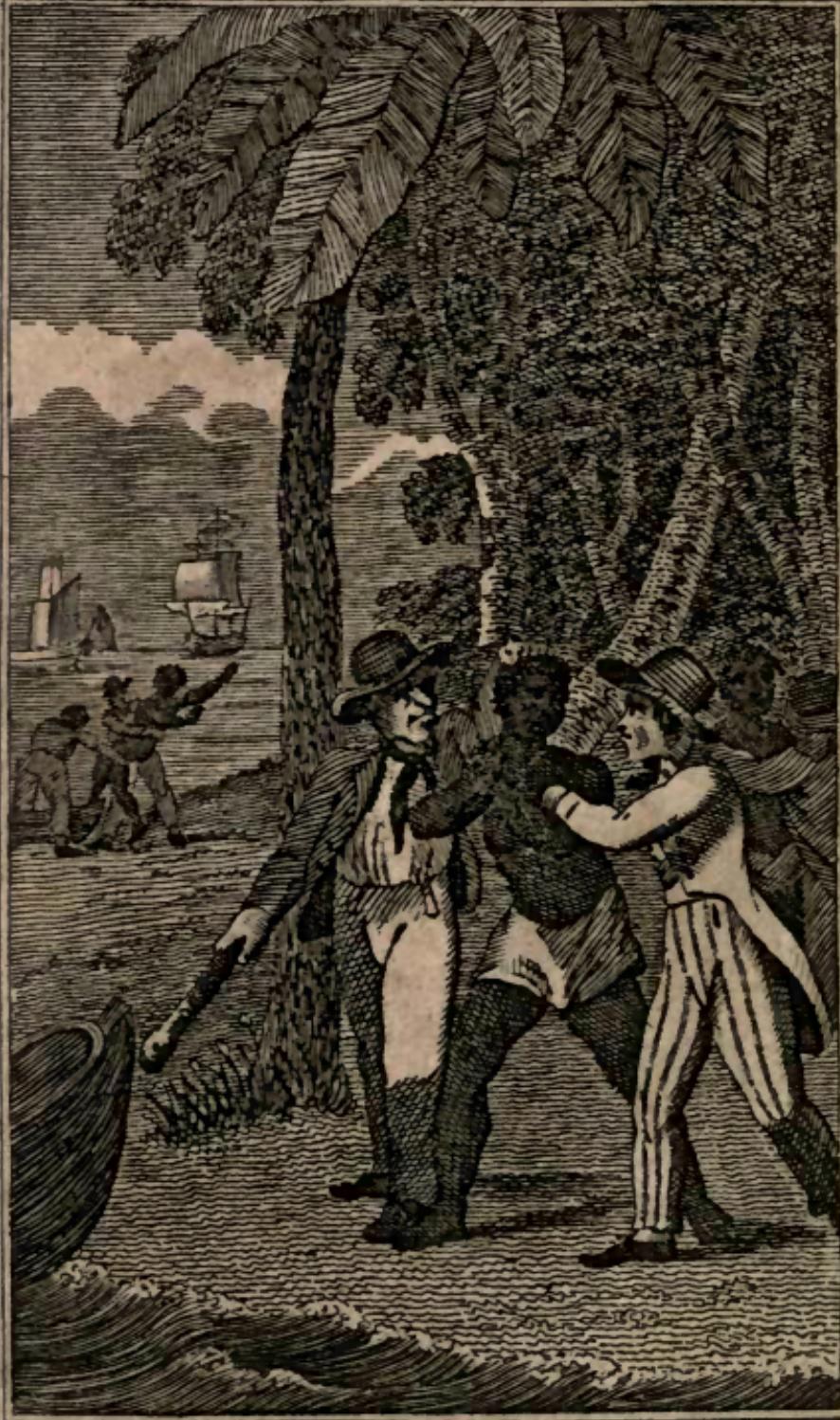
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W. AND T. PARTON, 40, BULSBURY HILL.

1807.

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(Price Six-pence.)

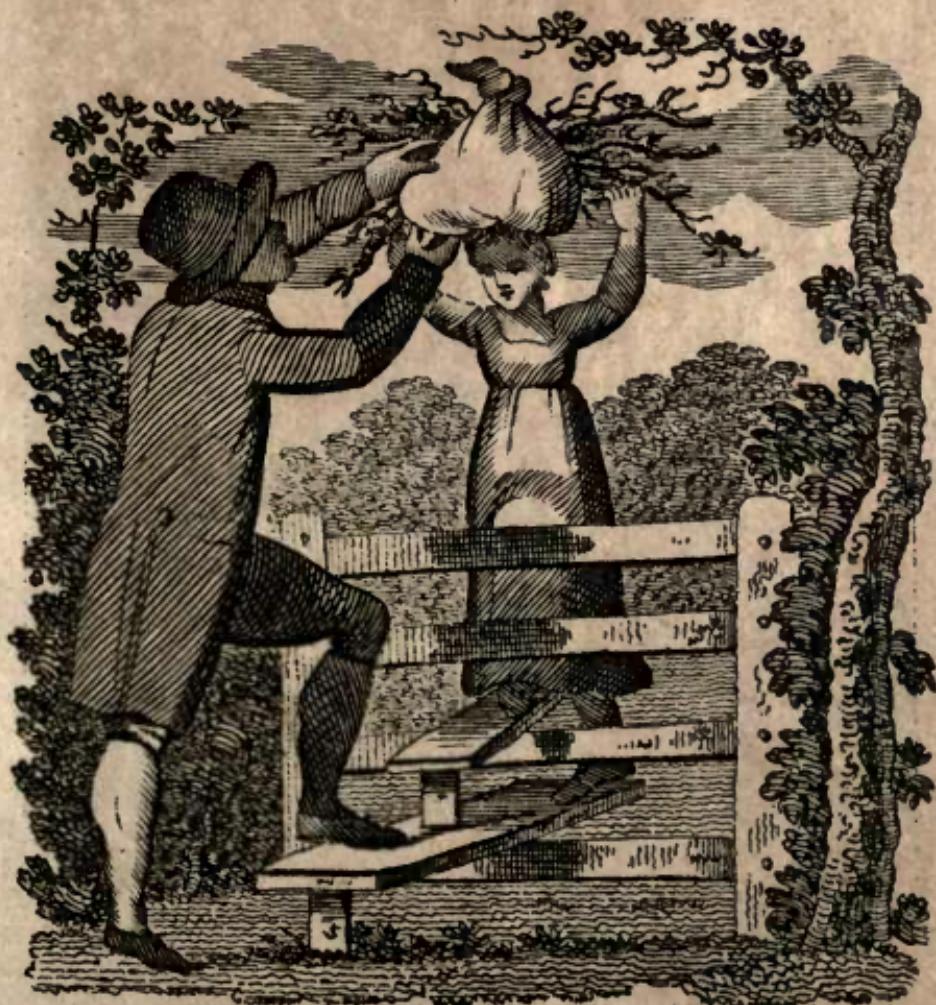
FRONTISPICE.



Such things are!!!

Vide page 16.

SIMPLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN.



London:

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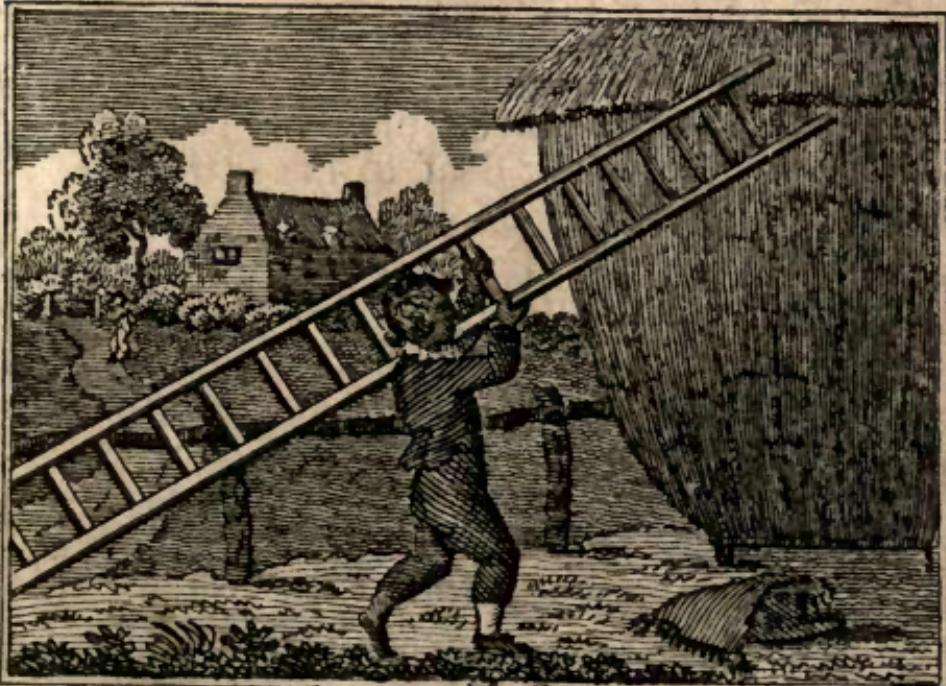
1807.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES

SIMPLE STORIES, &c.

GEORGE AND ADOLPHUS

WERE two sprightly boys, of a gay and lively turn, and mostly obedient to the commands of their superiors. Their natural dispositions were, however, very different. Adolphus was humane, and very tender-hearted; while, on the other hand, George's inclined to acts of cruelty, which are particularly disgraceful in young persons. The following story will sufficiently prove the asser-



George takes pains to do mischief

tion, and place our two young characters in their proper light. As they were one morning going to school, George observed a sparrow fly out from under the thatch of an old hay-rick. Concluding that it had a nest not far off, he resolved to get at it if possible. Adolphus used his endeavours to persuade him from it; telling him how cruel it was to rob birds' nests, and that they should be too late for school, if they tarried much longer. But nothing that Adolphus could say had any effect: he saw a ladder in the mow, and placing it against the rick, he mounted, and presently discovered a hole near the place where he first saw the sparrow escape. He presently heard the chirrupings of young ones, and eagerly thrust in his hand to seize them. He brought out a whole brood of little ones, and holding them out in an exulting manner, called after Adolphus, who was proceeding to school, to come back and partake with him the enjoyment of his cruel robbery; but Adolphus was now deaf to his entreaties, hastened onwards to school, and left George to enjoy alone the fruits of his cruelty. George determined at first to take the nest, but the young ones being hardly fledged, they were not old enough to bring up, or keep. After exposing them to the cold air, and gratifying his curiosity, he replaced the nest as well as he could, intending to take it at some future time. This being done, he was going to descend, when his foot caught in the ladder,

and he fell backwards to the ground. It was well for George he had not far to fall, or the consequences might have been dreadful. As it was, his arm was much bruised, and one side of his head grazed. Getting up, and bearing the fall as well as he could, he began to run, to arrive in time at school; but his loitering had taken up more time than he was aware of. His schoolfellows were all busily engaged at their proper work, when he crept slyly into school. But it was in vain to attempt escaping his master's eye, he was discovered, and obliged to give an account of his delay. George knew his guilt, and stammered out a confession in the best manner he was able: his blushes, and confused manner of speaking, plainly indicated that he had been doing no good.

His friend Adolphus was called up to know whether he had been in George's company. Adolphus had been told how wicked it was to tell lies: he therefore, though unwillingly, informed his master where he left George, and what business he was engaged in. This was sufficient to invalidate all the excuses that George had made: he was ordered to be confined after school was over, and a long task was given him to learn.

Adolphus, by the information he had given his master, caused a breach between himself and George. For a long time they never spoke to each other, and George seemed to harbour revenge against one whom he had

formerly loved; who was his constant companion, and who always accompanied him to school. Adolphus felt very uneasy at this shyness on the part of his old associate, and was determined to come to some explanation with him concerning it. Overtaking him one morning as they were both going to school, he addressed him in that open, free manner which always manifests a consciousness of having done no harm. "George," said he, "have I offended you? you always pass me without speaking; a behaviour which you were not accustomed to use to me." To which George, sulkily, replied, "You must know you have given me just cause of offence, and I do not wish to have any thing more to do with you." "Whether you will ever have any thing to do with me or not, rests with yourself," replied Adolphus; "but I hope you will be kind enough to tell me in what manner I have offended you." This kind interrogatory had not its desired effect; it made but little impression upon the mind of one who was slow to forget even an imaginary injury. So obstinate was George, that he turned away from Adolphus in disgust; and hardly carried himself with common civility. He, however, did not remain long in this state; but was in a little time brought to a sense of his unfriendly conduct. The whole of this affair spread abroad, and the neighbours, knowing the sweet disposition of Adolphus, took his part against George, and slighted the latter so much that,

discovering the cause of it, he was desirous after a reconciliation for his own credit and peace of mind. He found it very easy to engage Adolphus in conversation: he told him how desirous he was of settling their late difference; and how uneasy he had been ever since the shyness took place. Adolphus was very ready to pass every thing over, and let their differences be buried in oblivion: he even rejoiced that George, whom he still loved, should be so ready to renew the friendship that so long existed between them. George proved a sincere and constant companion ever afterwards, and now really loved Adolphus.

Here we see what happy effects are sometimes produced by an amiable steady temper; how it favours the possessor, and gains him the esteem of good people. George saw that keeping company with Adolphus added to his own credit, and gained him a better reputation. How should young people prize such companions, who not only add to their youthful felicity, but gain them commendation in the eyes of other people!



THE BEAVER.

SO, you are engaged with your new Natural History, this morning. I am much pleased to find that you amuse yourself in so instruc-

tive a manner. Besides the entertainment which arises from reading the various descriptions of animals, an acquaintance with Natural History leads us to admire the wisdom of that being who is the author of the world.

That is a print of the beaver, and seems to be well drawn. You will meet with many things in the description of this animal that will surprise you. Though the Beaver is allowed by all to be a very remarkable creature, and in many of its actions to evince extraordinary instinct; yet one of the latest accounts of it has proved that the relations of some travellers, concerning its instinctive nature, are in many respects erroneous. I would therefore wish you to peruse the account given of this animal by Mr. Hearne, whose journey amongst the Northern Indians of America is contained in Mavor's Collection. You may read it while I am in the room; it is in the book-case, volume the seventeenth, (*fetches the volume, and reads the following extract:*)

“ Much as Europeans have heard about this animal, which, according to some, is almost a rational being, Mr. Hearne has set the public right in various particulars respecting it; and detected the ignorance, or intentional falsity, of other writers on this subject, in numerous instances.

“ He says, the situation of the beaver-houses are various. Where these animals are very plentiful, they are found to inhabit lakes, ponds, and rivers, as well as the narrow creeks

which connect the lakes. Such as build their houses in small rivers and creeks, which are liable to become dry, show an admirable instinct in providing against this calamity, by throwing a dam quite across the stream; and in nothing do they show more ability and foresight than in this, whatever sagacity some are ready to allow them. These dams are constructed of drift wood, green willows, birch, and poplar, mud or stones, or whatever materials can most readily be procured. It is a mistake however to say that they have different apartments for their necessary conveniences; all that the beaver seems to aim at is to have a dry place to lie on.

“ The accounts we read in some books respecting the manner in which the beavers build their houses and dams, Mr. Hearne assures us, are mere fictions. They can neither drive piles, wattle their buildings, saw trees, nor use their tails as a trowel. Yet their sagacity is not small, and they perform all that can be expected from animals of their size and strength. Their work is entirely executed in the night, and they are so expeditious in completing it, that our author says he has frequently been astonished to see the quantity of mud they had collected in one night, or the progress they had made in a dam, or house.

“ When the ice breaks up in the spring, the beavers quit their habitations, and rove about during the summer, probably in quest of a more favourable situation; but, if they cannot

suit themselves better, they return to their old habitations soon enough to lay in their winter stock of wood.

“ Notwithstanding what has been repeatedly reported, in regard to their forming towns and commonwealths, Mr. Hearne says, he is confident that even where the greatest numbers of beavers are assembled together, their labours are not carried on jointly, nor have they any mutuality of interests, except in supporting the dam, which is common to several houses. In such cases they have, no doubt, sagacity enough, to see that what is of utility to all, should be repaired by the labours of each.

“ The beaver is capable of keeping a long time under water; so that when their houses are broken up, and their retreats cut off, they generally retire to the vaults in the banks, as their last resource; and here the greatest number of them are taken.”

You have read enough, my child. This account of the beaver leaves sufficient room for us to believe it a very remarkable animal, and possessed of a most wonderful instinct. But I thought it proper to correct the errors which you will find in history respecting the beaver; for truth ought to be our chief aim in pursuing these studies. Error is so easily propagated, and so readily gains ground, that it is every one's duty to be on his guard against admitting the marvellous or exaggerated accounts of travellers, whose only pleasure is to astonish. I would not have you

to think that I suspect the accuracy of this little work, for I believe that it is in general composed with accuracy, and a high regard for truth.

As I am a great advocate for the study of Natural History, I shall give you every encouragement to proceed, and intend, when you have gone through this work, to purchase *Goldsmith's Natural History*, which I am informed is well adapted to the capacities of young people, and, moreover, written in a very pleasing style.



WARMTH OF THE SUN.

THE weather indeed is very hot; and you are no doubt fatigued with walking; but bear it patiently. Do not fret and throw yourself about; it only increases your uneasiness by causing a greater degree of heat. It is a charming day, but the sun is too strong for us to support its heat any long time. We must not however be peevish, since we came out of our own desire, and you, my child, were the first to propose a walk. I was willing to indulge you, more from a wish that you might experience the effect of this excessive heat and be exposed to a trifling fatigue.

But let us consider how beneficial this warm weather proves to vegetation. Without the animating influence of the sun's rays, the earth

would be too damp and cold to produce herbs and ripe fruits in season. Our peaches and nectarine, as well as plums, apples, pears, and other inferior fruits, without this solar warmth, would be stopped in their rapid progress towards ripeness, and wither away upon the tree.

There is nothing in the whole tribe of vegetables but what owes its existence to the same animating power, nothing that grows but whose life is indebted to its warmth. It is true, the excessive heat and long dryness of the season, have parched the earth in many places, and scorched up the meadows; but the cattle will not want food, as it has been remarkably favourable for hay-making, and enabled the farmer to lay in a large quantity of hay for winter food. Were not this the





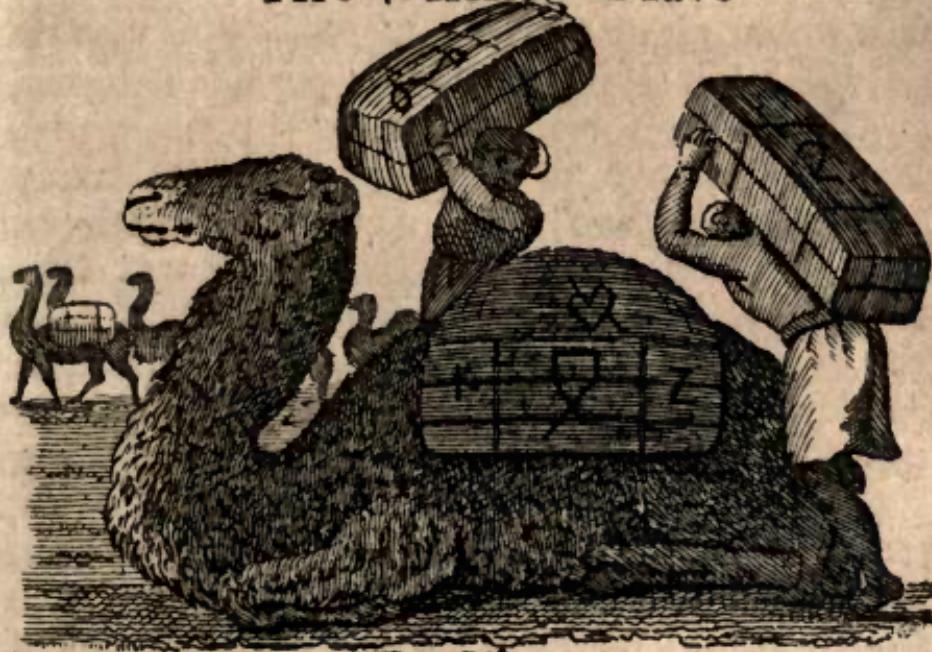
case, the poor cows and horses would be almost starved in cold frosty weather, when the fields are almost bare of grass, and what little remains, covered with snow. This is but one great advantage of warm weather.

In this country we have but little reason to complain, as the heat lasts only a very short time; whereas in some parts of Asia, Africa, and America, the sun is felt in a surprizing manner; but the natives can bear it, being accustomed thereto from their infancy. In some places the people are almost black; which is probably occasioned by the intense heat of the sun, which passes directly over their heads. These blacks are unfortunately looked upon by Europeans, as an inferior order of beings, because their complexions are black instead of white. They are often stolen

from their proper homes by Europeans, and carried away to distant parts, where they are forced to work or rather slave in the plantations of sugar and rice. This inhuman and unjust practice is to this day kept up, and greatly encouraged by some of our own countrymen, whose unfeeling hearts must be steeled to every feeling of humanity.

You saw the black man that came to beg at our house a few weeks ago, and to whom your mother was very kind, because, she said, he was an unhappy African.

In some of those warm countries of which we have been speaking, there are large extensive plains, on which no green herb can ever grow. For ever parched up by the heat of the sun, it is no longer habitable by man nor beast; though both are often obliged to cross them in their travels or wanderings. When this is the case, they undergo great fatigue and hardships, of which we can hardly have an idea. Sometimes buried in a whirlwind of sand, or what is scarcely less terrible, near famished for want of something to eat and drink. In these journeys they are attended by their camels, which carry a stock of provisions, and water preserved in skin bags. You have seen a camel, and heard of its amazing strength. But what will you think when you are told that these animals will travel without any thing to drink for fourteen days? Does it not argue a peculiar regard of providence in thus blessing the natives of these



deserts, with an animal so useful, and capable of sharing in all their wants, their toils, and their fatigues.

The patience of the camel is wonderful, and their docility astonishing. It suffers itself to be managed with little trouble, and, in its infancy, bears the stripes and blows of its angry master: though its strength, onemight imagine, would spur it on to take revenge. But the camel knows not how to punish cruelty, and, with all its powers, it is still a willing slave.



HENRY.

HENRY was a little boy that delighted so much in play, that his friends could scarcely ever get him to go to school. This

was a very lamentable case, as there was no prospect but Henry would grow up a dunce, and be unfit for any business in the world. His ardent love of play led him into many difficulties: when a truanting with naughty boys he often got into mischief that was sure to procure him severe punishment; for besides the correction he met with from his master at school for neglecting his lesson, a severe castigation sometimes fell to his lot for injuring the premises of the neighbours, or flinging stones at the farmers' poultry. One afternoon, when Henry ought to have been at school, he was rambling about with his associates on a large common, for the purpose of bird-nesting. It so happened that a young gosling had strayed from the flock, and was apparently lost. The mischievous boys, on seeing it, hastily determined to put it up as a mark to aim at: which they did, and presently deprived the little creature of life. But this piece of wanton barbarity did not pass without its just reward.

The owner of the gosling, was in a neighbouring field, but not at first discovering what the boys were flinging at, he contented himself with watching them for a while: but he soon discovered their mischief, and plucking a hazel stick out of the hedge, hastened to give them the punishment such cruelty deserved. He caught two of them, one of whom was Henry, and made a pretty severe use of his stick; Henry's arm was bruised with the

beating he received: he fell upon his knees, and implored the man to forgive him, who was for some time relentless, till having a little satisfied his indignation, he permitted them to depart, but not without knowing their names, and the places where their parents lived. Henry was a tender boy, and but little able to bear such severe punishment. His pain was indeed very great, but the fright had like to have flung him into fits. He went home in a most woeful condition, and expressing, by his tears, the severest agony. Little, however, did he think his parents were apprised of his conduct, they had already seen the dead gosling, and learnt that Henry was an accomplice in the cruelty. His father received him very coolly, not expressing the least pity, and ordered him into close confinement, in order that he might reflect upon his past conduct, and feel the just weight of a parent's anger. This conduct of Henry was indeed very afflictive to his parents, for though they perceived, with sorrow, in many instances their son's disposition to mischievous tricks, yet they never could have thought him capable of such a piece of deliberate cruelty. But parents cannot be too cautious of the company which they suffer their children to associate with. After one bad action a boy is encouraged to commit another, till he become hardened in wickedness.

It is true Henry had not yet gone quite so far as some others have at his age, but it is very probable that had he not been timely checked,



but been suffered to proceed in the same line of conduct with impunity, his morals would, in a short time, have been totally vitiated. But he was happily brought to a timely recollection, and a sense of his imprudent conduct; this, joined to the grief which he was sensible of having caused his father and mother, worked a reformation in him; not only to the joy of his friends, but also to his own peace of mind. He was naturally of a humane disposition, but his feelings were, by degrees, blunted by the company and conversation of his companions; not so much, however, as not to be sometimes stung with remorse at his parents' grief for the trouble he occasioned them. The time was now come when Henry was to be sent to a boarding-school, for which his



late reformation had, in a great measure, prepared him. A suitable school was soon found, where he was to go, and receive his education; but his backwardness was one great hindrance to the satisfaction which his friends would otherwise have felt, from the prospect of his being placed out under the care of a judicious governor. This misfortune was, however, in a great measure atoned for by Henry's eagerness to learn, which had lately manifested itself in a striking manner; for, in the course of three weeks, with very little instruction, he had made a greater progress in reading and writing, than during a whole year that he had been kept at a day-school: he was also in no means deficient in capacity.

Every thing being got ready, Henry was

sent off in the stage coach to the school, at which he was destined to pass some years of the juvenile part of his life. He took an affectionate leave of his parents, brothers, and sisters; and also of some other acquaintance, whose good opinion he had acquired by his obliging conduct.

A school life, so many miles from home, was quite new to Henry; and the recollection of those friends he had lately left, at first cast a gloom over his mind, which, not unfrequently, found a vent in floods of tears. But this did not last long; in a few days his natural gaiety returned: he gradually became more cheerful and tranquil; and soon formed connections, which tended to pass away the play hours more agreeably. His conduct at this boarding-school was always consistent with the master's rules: he made a rapid improvement in the different branches of education that were taught at the school, and thus acquired a stock of useful learning, which afterwards tended to his own benefit and promotion in the world.

We hope this short sketch of Henry's life will cherish in the youthful generation a laudable competition for every thing that is excellent in behaviour; which will not only gain them the esteem of every reputable person, but accelerate their own happiness, and tend to make their situations comfortable, whatever line of business they may follow.

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## The Contest.



### EDWARD AND WILLIAM.

TWO boys, about the same age, went daily to the same school; and, as they lived near one another, they mostly accompanied each other. They were intimately acquainted, though different in their dispositions. Edward was mild and forbearing, and always kept to the truth: William, on the contrary, was hasty, and very apt to be passionate; and, what was much worse, did not always keep his word, and would sometimes be deceitful.

They were one day going to school as usual, with each a little basket under his arm, that contained some victuals for a dinner, when they saw a fine, large apple lying in the

path at some distance before them. As both saw it nearly in the same instant, they both ran hastily to get it; but it happened that Edward got it first, which so provoked William, that he pushed him down in a rage. This was very ill treatment, but Edward bore it patiently, and remonstrated against it in a most gentle manner; and taking a knife out of his pocket, with which he cut the apple, at the same time very generously offered him half of it. But William, grown still more angry at his disappointment, took the piece, and flung it at Edward, saying, "that the apple was his, as he saw it first." Edward then offered to part with the other half, but William was ashamed to receive it: he was struck at such unmerited kindness, but his pride would not permit him to discover any repentance for his ungrateful conduct.

They both proceeded to school without speaking a word, for William's sulkiness would not suffer him to be social. The adventure of the apple had taken up so much time, that they came into school very late; which being perceived by the master, he demanded the reason of it; and noticing William to be somewhat fluttered, he was more anxious to enquire. Edward gave his master a plain account of what they had found, but omitted saying one word of his companion's ill treatment and unkind behaviour; which afterwards coming to the ears of his master, Edward so much won his affection and esteem,

that he always after paid him the greatest attention, and trusted him more than any other boy in the whole school. William himself was sensibly affected with the noble disposition and generous behaviour of Edward, and which he took the earliest opportunity to acknowledge.

The next day, William purchased some sweetmeats at a confectioner's, with a view to present them to Edward, whom he was sensible of having injured. An opportunity soon offered: they met as usual to go to school, and Edward saluted his companion, with asking him how he was. After walking a little way, William took out his comfits and gingerbread, and offered the whole of what he had to Edward; but this the latter refused, and would not, upon any consideration, take more than a part. William urged him to receive the whole with much earnestness, and the other as firmly refused. "It would be greedy in me," said Edward, "to take all."—"But I have injured you," replied William, "and I am desirous of making you some recompence."—"You injured me!" said Edward: "What do you mean? you have never injured me."—"Indeed I have," replied William; "I pushed you, and was in a passion with you, yesterday, about the apple, for which I have never been easy since."—But Edward had already forgotten the apple, and could not think of receiving a recompence for an injury which he had forgiven, and which



he now remembered no more. He assured William, that every thing which passed between them yesterday was over, and wished it never to be renewed again. This was too much for William, who was a lad of keen feelings: he fell upon Edward's neck and bathed it with his tears, saying, that he hoped he should never quarrel again. Edward bore this strong proof of affection with much calmness: he was very sensible of William's repentance, and that was all he desired. He told him he regarded him as his best friend, and was happy to think he had such a companion.

The report of this affair soon spread among their relations, and others in the neighbourhood where they lived. It gained them much

esteem; and the intimacy that always remained between them, served as a pattern for fathers and mothers to hold up to their children. Edward and William lived in the same village for many years, and for ever bore one another the greatest respect and esteem.

The above is an instance of forbearance and repentance in two young people, that would render the youth of both sexes happy, did they all but possess such amiable qualities. If children could but see their faults in a proper light, they would, no doubt, oftener repent and mend, than they are mostly found to do. Such conduct as that of Edward deserves the highest commendation, and shows a nobleness of soul that would do honour to maturer age. How calm and easy when insulted; and with what wonderful patience did he bear the passionate treatment of William! It seems that nothing could ruffle him, nothing make him angry: such a temper is a jewel of great worth, and safe to insure happiness to him who is fortunate enough to possess it.



## LUCY.

**L**ITTLE Lucy was the daughter of honest and industrious parents: they were poor, but, by frugal means, were enabled to maintain themselves in a comfortable manner.



Lucy was their only child, and no wonder if she was doted upon. She was, however, very good and kind to her mother, with whom she used to spin one half of the day; the other half being allotted for school, at which she was a diligent attender. She made a good progress in reading before she was eight years old; and could knit and sew very well.

As her father went to work at some distance from home, in the garden and plantation of a neighbouring squire, it usually fell to Lucy's lot to carry him his breakfast and dinner; a task she always fulfilled with much pleasure and care. She never loitered about, and wasted her time playing with other children, when sent on an errand.

One morning, when going with her father's breakfast, which consisted of a little milk, in



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an earthen bottle, and a brown cake, she had the misfortune to let the bottle fall, by which accident the milk was all spilt. It would be impossible to express the trouble which this little girl was in, at an accident that was not occasioned by negligence, or a want of care. She knew her mother had no more milk, and the broken jar grieved her much. She cried very bitterly, and remained some time considering what to do; when a person came by, and struck with her appearance, bid her not to cry, and gave her a penny, without enquiring into the cause of her uneasiness.

It required but little consideration to determine what use to make of her money. Lucy went to the nearest shop and purchased a halfpenny jug; and, as the farm-house lay in her road to the squire's, she went and bought

a halfpenny worth of milk, with which she filled the bottle, and drank what remained. Believing all was now over, her little heart became more light and easy; she walked on nimbly to the squire's, and having washed her face in a brook to avoid any suspicion from her tears, presented her father's breakfast with her usual cheerfulness. Every thing would have passed over without notice, but the old man observed that the milk tasted but indifferently. Lucy had forgotten to wash out the jug before she bought the milk, and some little dirt that was in it gave the milk a rather disagreeable taste; but the old man's appetite did not permit him to be very nice, and he took no farther notice of it. The remark, however, caused a blush upon Lucy's cheek; for the bare mention of the milk caused in her a fluttering sufficient to have created suspicion. Her father presently finished his breakfast, and after giving her a kiss, told her to bring him his dinner in good time.

Lucy now went home, and, after washing it, placed the jug on the shelf where used to stand the other, and then went to her spinning. The day passed over as usual, and, as Lucy thought, free from discovery; but, in the evening, her mother, upon removing some other pots, took notice of a new earthen bottle; and, bringing it to the fire, asked Lucy if that was the bottle she always carried her father's milk in. To which she answered, that

it was the same she carried it in in the morning: so careful was she of telling a lie. But the strangeness of the jug was too apparent to escape the notice of the old woman; and Lucy finding an explanation absolutely necessary, made a brief, but true, confession of the whole affair. Her father immediately recollected the circumstance of his milk being of a different taste from what it usually was, and no longer was at a loss to discover the cause. The buying of a new one, and procuring fresh milk, did Lucy great credit, and her parents were highly pleased with their daughter's conduct in that particular; but they could have wished she had told them of the accident at first, as keeping it secret carried with it a look of deceit. But the real truth was, Lucy had not courage to disclose it, being afraid of her mother's anger at breaking the bottle, as it might be attributed to carelessness. She would rather the better part of her conduct to remain for ever unknown, than the single circumstance of breaking the jug should be disclosed. Her mother might afterwards be fearful of trusting her with carrying her father's breakfast, which would have been a great disappointment to her: All these things weighed with Lucy in the course of the day, and prevented her from disclosing to her mother what had happened in the morning. But children should never be afraid of telling their parents the truth; they should be encouraged to be open and sincere in their conduct towards



every one. Lucy's conduct would be placed in a better light, had she informed her father that he was going to drink his milk out of a new bottle, and that of her own purchasing: this would, of course, open the way to a confession of what had befallen her; and as the breaking of the bottle was merely an accident, and was, besides, so soon replaced by a new one, neither her father nor mother could have been very angry. Lucy was, however, a very obedient girl, and always took a pleasure in doing her parents any little service that lay in her power; and was, in every respect, a pattern of filial affection. She had naturally a good disposition, which is an amiable quality in young persons; for it gains them the love of their acquaintances, and every one likes to speak to them and to do them some

kindness; whereas a contrary temper, is sure to draw upon us the ill will of those with whom we live, and make us uncomfortable without procuring us any benefit.

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## TOMMY.

A LITTLE boy, who was familiarly called Tommy, had a little dog to which he was much attached. Tommy called this dog Joler, in imitation of some others that called their dogs by the same name. It would ramble about with him over the fields, and through woods and desert heaths; in fact, wherever Tommy inclined to go, Joler was always ready to follow him, and with much pleasure, as was manifest from the impatience it always showed whenever left at home.

One morning Tommy inclined to take a long rout, and being afraid of tiring his little dog too much, he concluded to leave him behind. With this view he shut him in the kennel; but Joler had observed his master take down his hat and stick, a sure mark of his intention to take a walk. The dog therefore began to bark very loud, and scratch against the door of its kennel; but finding itself disregarded, it set up a most piteous howl, that affrighted Tommy enough to procure its discharge. Great was the joy of Joler when set free; he jumped up to lick his



master's hands, and endeavoured to express his gratitude by fawning and caresses. Being now pacified, he ran slowly by the side of Tommy, only deviating now and then to run after the small birds that were on the ground, or scenting the bottom of some hedge, to discover an object of prey. After an hour's ramble, they found themselves at a great distance from home, and just on the borders of a wood to which Tommy had an intention of going, partly with a view of procuring some walking sticks, of which he was very fond; taking much pleasure in trimming and varnishing them. The wood was very large, and Tommy very thoughtlessly ventured too far into the middle of it; for he was soon so bewildered among the intricate turnings and windings, that he was at a loss to know by what part he



should best find his way out again. Sometimes he kept to the right, sometimes to the left, and then would go straight forwards in another direction; but all to no purpose. Tommy soon became alarmed, for being tired with walking, and sore with the many scratchings he received at every step, he was but little inclined to proceed farther. In this dilemma he sat down under a tree, and reclining his head against the trunk, in a short time fell asleep, with Joler watching by his side. He was not indulged to take much repose; frightful dreams, occasioned by the strangeness of the place, had too much effect upon his imagination to permit the refreshment of soft sleep to continue long. He thought himself carried far from home, and plunged into a deep cavern, whence there was no prospect of his getting

out. Such hideous dreams soon awoke him. He found he had slept about two hours, and perceiving Joler by his side, he stroked him as usual, and cheerfully bade him follow. For receiving fresh vigour from his rest, he had more resolution to proceed. But all attempts to discover a pathway were in vain. Tommy was now seriously affrighted, and not without reason, for the day began to decline, and a gloomy prospect presented itself before his mind. Joler perceived the distress of his master, and seemed to be equally affected. He set up a most piteous howling, and running to a short distance on every side, barked very loud, as if to catch the ear of some one that might be near. Joler's barking luckily proved a signal of distress, for a woodman who had been working in a distant part of the wood, returning from work, heard the howling, and hastened to the spot whence it seemed to come. As the woodman approached, Tommy heard his steps; and the rustling of the leaves and branches becoming plainer, he was fearful of some danger. He turned pale with fright, but the woodman's appearance soon convinced him how much his fears were groundless. "Good master," exclaimed the woodman, "how came you here at this time?" Without thinking of giving any reply, Tommy stepped forward and caught him by his hand; saying at the same time, "Will you show me the way out of the wood?"—"With all my heart," replied the old man; upon which they set for-

wards, and Joler frisked his tail to show his pleasure. They soon got into a regular path, and in less than a quarter of an hour, were out of the wood. Tommy told the woodman what brought him to the wood, and how he lost himself. "But," asked the old man, "where are all your sticks? Oh! I have lost them," replied Tommy, "I do not regard them, now I am out of the wood." Well, says the woodman, I will procure you plenty of the best sticks in the wood: for which Tommy very politely thanked him. When they were got almost home, the old man inclined to leave Tommy to go the remainder of the way by himself: but this the good boy would not suffer, but urged him to go home with him, that he might receive something as a recompence for his kindness and trouble. They soon got home, and Tommy found the whole family alarmed for his safety, and being immediately asked if he had not been lost. "Yes," replied he, "I was lost indeed, but there stands a good man at the door who found me." Upon this one ran out and welcomed the woodman in, for whom a good supper was instantly prepared, and over which he enjoyed himself, and then wishing the family good night, went home. Tommy's adventure was told to a merry company, who were pleased more at the thoughts of his safety, than for any remarkable occurrence that befel him. Joler was highly praised, and rewarded with a good meal before he was locked up in the kennel.

Rambling about is the way to lose one's self; and young boys' going out without any fixed place to go to, is often attended with some unfortunate circumstance. The truth of this we see in the history of Tommy, who, had not the woodman heard Joler's barking, would, in all probability, have been obliged to sleep in the wood.

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## MARGARET.

WHETHER we meet with a virtuous disposition in the humble cottage or the farm house, we are desirous of bringing it forth and setting it in an amiable light before our young readers. With this view our other works, of a like nature to the present, have been written and published to the world; hoping that they may serve the end which is intended by them.

Margaret, a girl of about ten years of age, is remarkable for her simplicity and innocence. If we enquire into her manner of life, we shall find her often employed in weeding corn, or gathering stones on neighbour Dobbin's farm. But a simple anecdote concerning her will be sufficient for our present purpose. One day as Margaret was returning home from work, having been weeding corn, she picked up the loose pieces of wood that lay scattered about by the hedges, and in the fields that she

crossed. She soon gathered a large faggot, as much as she could well carry upon her head. She however tripped on nimbly for some time, when arriving at the last stile, that was nearest the high road, she found much difficulty in carrying her load over, at least without first unburdening herself. She, notwithstanding, attempted it; but would have, in all probability, fallen under the attempt, had not a humane passenger, that passed by the same instant, observed her situation, and helped her over the stile. The stranger was struck with her appearance, and the mild, patient countenance that she exhibited under a trying circumstance. For this assistance she returned the stranger many thanks, with all the politeness of rustic sincerity. Her appearance had however too much interested him to let so slight an acquaintance suffice. His curiosity was raised; and it must be satisfied. "Where do you live?" was the first interrogatory. "We live," answered the girl, "at the foot of yonder hill: if you please, you may see our little cottage, small as it is."—"And has this been your day's labour?" asked the stranger, pointing to the faggot. "Oh, no!" answered the girl; "I have earned ten-pence to day, on neighbour Dobbin's farm: these sticks I have gathered since we left work; and I am now going home."—"Well, it is not far, I will go with you," replied the interested stranger. Upon this they went direct to the cottage under the hill. They were soon perceived by the aged

inhabitants, who were standing at the door, in great astonishment, to see their daughter accompanied by a stranger, whose appearance bore the marks of respectability.

Soon they reached the cottage, and the girl quickly stepped in to apprise her parents of the stranger's visit. He was welcomed in, and seated upon their best chair, which was made of wicker work. He apologised for his intrusion, and said, that meeting their daughter so heavily loaded, he wished to know their means of subsistence, which must, he thought, be very scanty, to render it necessary for so young a girl to labour so much. "Bless the dear girl," exclaimed the aged father, "we could hardly subsist, was it not for her industry; she is the only blessing we ever enjoyed. No, she should never work, were I able myself; but, old and infirm, I can do but little work, and that little I often want." This open confession of the old man was affecting, and determined the stranger to offer them immediate relief, and use his endeavours to make their lives more easy and comfortable for the future. Putting his hand in his pocket, as he rose from his seat to go out, he slipped five guineas into the old man's hand, who was so overjoyed or surprised at such an unexpected act of beneficence, that he could hardly believe his own eyes, and looked up in the face of his benefactor, as if to say, you do not know what you have given me. The stranger quickly left the house, and would not wait to hear the many

blessings which the father, mother, and daughter were heaping upon his head: he only said they should see him again before long. After his departure, the good old people sat down with grateful hearts, and could think of nothing but the present which they had so unexpectedly received; and for which they were solely indebted to Margaret. They had not seen so much money at once for several years, and were at a loss to conjecture how they could spend it to the best advantage. But as they were not much in want of household goods, they resolved to lay it out by degrees, so as to save a trifle in case of sickness, or any emergency. Margaret indeed wanted a new gown to go to church in, but she would not consent for any of the money to be spent on her account, saying that she could soon earn sufficient to purchase what new clothes she absolutely stood in need of.

The next day, about noon, the stranger returned to visit the cottage. He more than once wished for a temporary deafness, that he might not hear the repeated thanks which the old people could not suppress. He, however, put an end to it by telling them that as he had already interested himself in their behalf, he always meant to do his best for them: he informed them where he lived, which was only eight miles off, and that if they could reconcile the separation, he would take their daughter into his own family, as a house servant. Struck with this additional proof of his kind-

ness, they could not refuse him, had it been ever so much against their inclination. But they considered the advantage which it would be to Margaret, and readily gave their consent, on condition that she was willing herself. It required but little time to persuade Margaret; for though much attached to her parents, and their principal means of support, she did not doubt but her wages would be sufficient to maintain them better than heretofore, when they depended solely upon the precarious earnings of her daily servitude.

The consent of both parties being gained, it was then settled when she should come. The stranger, now become her master, promised that she should visit the cottage once every month, and stay two days. This rendered the idea of parting more pleasant, as both father and mother were too decrepid to be ever able to go and see their daughter. Every thing being agreed upon, their benefactor took his leave.

Nothing was now done at the cottage but preparations for Margaret's leaving; one guinea out of the five was necessarily laid out in procuring a few clothes to replace those which were too shabby to wear, now the humble cottage was no longer to be her place of residence. In two weeks, all was in readiness for a separation; a horse was sent to convey Margaret to the house of their benefactor. It must be natural to suppose that Margaret as well as her parents would feel themselves

much depressed at a separation of which each would feel the force. Tears were abundantly shed, and the most unfeeling heart would be softened at a scene so melting.

Margaret was received into her employer's house with much civility, and employed in sweeping and cleaning her master's parlour, and other slight work that might require her assistance. She was found to be extremely tractable, and willing to be useful in any thing. By this means she attained the good will of her master, as well as of her fellow servants. Her master took the charge of her parents' maintenance, and was their only good friend to the day of their death.

Thus Margaret, by her dutiful behaviour in her youth, procured relief for her parents in a manner quite accidental. She interested a stranger in her behalf, which paved the way to her introduction into many respectable families.

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## ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

**Y**OUR little sister, Frances, is much pleased and taken up with her little doll, and one would think that at this moment she is happy. Why is she not always so? and what is the reason that she is so often out of humour? I know it would be difficult for you to answer me; but we can plainly see that



pleasure makes her cheerful and good natured; but anger produces the contrary, and is as sure to make her cross and stubborn. I was really grieved to see her so much out of humour the other day when little Harry took hold of her new doll. It was very wrong to be so warm with her brother for so trifling a fault. She is young, it is true, but she has often been corrected for it: besides, one would think that as such conduct always gives her uneasiness, it would remind her of cultivating a better disposition. For you have experienced yourself that anger is followed by pain; as if our very nature was such, as to inform us what was right and wrong.

Do not you recollect that when you were a very little girl, that you often cried when you wanted any thing that you could not

obtain, and that it made you very uneasy? But children give way too suddenly to the impulse of their passions, and never consider what pain they bring upon their selves by immediate crying.

Looking out of the window this morning, I saw Henry jumping over a stick, that was placed upright in the ground. He attempted to pass over it several times, but in vain; till at last espying me standing at the window, he redoubled his efforts, and sprung over it without touching. My presence seemed to animate his courage, and give him new strength.

Why did Henry attempt to jump over it with such unusual vigour? It was owing to a desire of showing me his skill, a sort of generous pride which was at that moment excited in his little breast. This spur excites boys as well as men to excel in what they undertake; and when properly curbed is of excellent effect. Why did you want to finish your pincushion before Margaret could do her's? Because you wished for your mother to see that you were a more expert hand; and very properly expected to be praised for your diligence. This desire is called emulation. But when carried to excess it begets hatred and envy. Charles would not allow that his brother Henry's piece was written better than his own; because he could not bear the thoughts of being excelled by one younger than himself. But Charles showed a mean disposition: he ought to have allowed his



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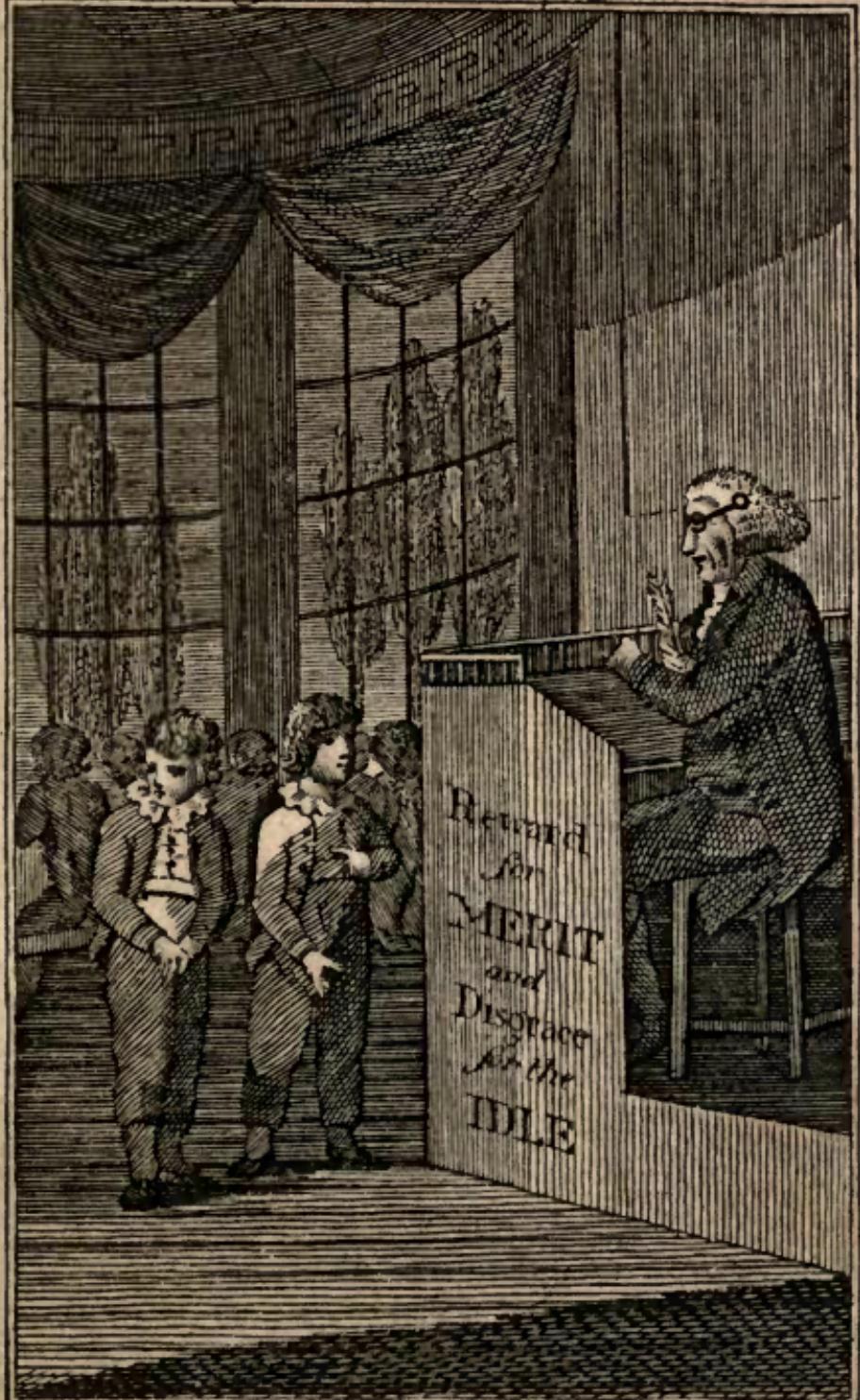
brother the preference, and have striven to overtake him in writing, by taking more pains. Yet Charles fell out with Henry, and used every mean in his power to vex and to disappoint him. And this naughty disposition continued with him till his father actually made him ashamed of it.

I only talk to you about these infantile concerns, that you may not entirely forget the days of childhood, and let the cares of your infancy glide away, without a grateful remembrance of that protection and instruction which have been bestowed upon you.

FINIS.

W. and T. Darton, Printers, Helborn Hill, London.

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